IT BY A NEW CITY HALL.

# ODDITIES OF SAN JUAN.

LISTLE SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PEOPLE WHO DON'T WORK.

The Slumber that Has Followed the Nice. ragus Casal Boom-General Prejudice Against Labor-beers of the Mosquito Indians and Their Strange Prediction of Warner Miller's Wreck on Roncador Reef Sald to He a Henithy Town When Priests Don't Meddle with the Bibles,

san Juan del Norte, which is known at the British Foreign Office as Greytown, is a place of pateral as well as of artificial interest. The low coast on which it stands rises just above the sca and no more. The land is composed solely of the sediment which the great river has brought down from the mountains of the interior, notably from the Costa Rica Mountaits along the San Carlos branch. Year by year since the settlement was first created the coast line has advanced perceptibly.

The mouth of the river has shifted about as the deposit of mud has increased. In fact, the river has always had more than one mouth. In the fiftles the main mouth was at San Juan, but a smaller one that emptied into the sea in t osta hica territory, ten miles to the east, was growing and now it may be called practically the only mouth. The old channels round about the village have become lagoons that discharge comparatively little water into the sea even during the wet season.

Standing on a sand bar with a lagoon behind and another in front and no end of scrubby brush on all sides, is the village. The largon in front is a part of the old harbor or mouth of the river. It became a lagoon when the sea met the outcoming current and built a bar clear across the old river mouth leaving the water within to stagnate, although communication with the sea was reopened artificially by the American company that undertook the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and a tiny coasting schooner or two can always be found in the port, while the coasting steamer Carrazo makes regular visits. Larger steamers that call there must lie outside and send small boots through the channel cut

from foreign countries en route for merchants in the interior were piled higher, and piles of both kinds remained untouched for months at a stretch. They told me of goods that were more than a year in transit from San Juan to Lake Nicaragua.

The Nicaraguans are a patient people in business matters—patient beyond description—but they could not stand that. The trade on the river was ruined. When the work on the canai failed there was no river trade from the interior to take its place in holding the business of San Juan. The port that had handled as many as 6,000 packages a month each way was reduced to a bare 300. San Juan, a lithough a free port, was almost as dead as a worked-out mine camp, yet that swamply sand bar was held at the same old price of \$20,000 per acre. Nobedy would buy the land at any price, but the holders were able to hold it, and they were waiting for the day, sure to come some time, when work would be resumed, and with it another boom.

"The tram is running behind hand three or four doilars a day," said Waiter Ingalis, who owned the road, "but I have never seen the day when I would sell the franchise for \$100,000."

Mr. Ingalis owned eight acres of the sand bar, He was one who was able to hold fast, and \$25,-000 would not have bought an acre.

THE CANAL PROPERTY.

He was one who was able to hold fast, and \$20,000 would not have bought an acre.

THE CANAL PROPERTY.

I went over the property of the canal company. There is a bit of a canal 1,000 feet long of full width and more than half the ultimate depth. It was cut from the lagoon straight back into the awamp. The digging of this, it is worth noting, cost less than one-half the estimate made in advance. Heside the canal is a machine shop with an outfit suitable for building anything used about a railroad or a canal, and from a point near this shop a standard gauge railroad runs back several miles across the swamp.

A scow ferries the visitors from San Juan across the canal. A view up the canal showed that the route, cleared two years before, had been kept open. Beyond the canal a row of drodges lined the lagoon. A white man was fishing from the deck of one, and a darky, curiously enough, was at work painting the from work of another. I never saw a white and a darky reverse occupations so elsewhere. A small gang of men were putting new ties in a bit of railroad that follows the coast of the lagoon. A bookkeeper in a big storage warelouse talked dolefully of the prospects of resuming work. The officers quarters and the hospital, as long row of iron-covered buildings further on, were for the most part unoccupied. A few men kept tools going in the machine shop. In all, they said, some 300 men were employed by the company along the line of the canal.

The pier built into the sea two years before was in the sea no longer. The storms had filled in the sand at the easterly side until dry land reached just to the outer end. The pier was a buikhead. It had been built in with a concrete made of a barrel of cement to four or five barrels of sand, a workman said, and so the work of the teredo had not hurt the pier. But the fact



- wall with the first

across the bar. The Carrazo, on which I entered port, although of shoal draught, had to stop her engines and drift over the bar with the swell. and once inside had to come to anchor near the middle of the lagoon because of lack of water. The passengers were put into a small boat and rowed to a landing that included a small wooden bulkhead and a big shed for goods. There were very few goods in it, however. A few loungers-men, women, and children-mostly negroes, were at the landing, and three or four of the boys were moderately anxious to carry my baggage to the hotel. Passing beyond the shed we followed a narrow walk of planks laid lengthwise along the side of a street. There was a wooden fence beside the walk, and within the yard thus enclosed was a house of wood that looked very much like a village house in the A few rods from the landing the public square in a State's village

street ended at what was much like rather like a vacant block with streets around It, for it was wholly devoid of any of the ornaments that public squares commonly have in the States, while paths worn by people going 'cross lots ran in several directions. A glance round this square showed several houses like Yankee structures, and the resemblance to an old Yankee village was increased by the fact that some of the houses were unoccupied, and all had a weather worn and tumble down aspect. More interesting still was the view of an old street car line with rusty rails that, going out to the right from the square, disappeared in the brush that lined the country road beyond the town limits.

Following the old rails to the left, toward the centre of the town, I left the square and passed for a block a row of two-story houses, most of which had been occupied as stores below and as dwellings above. It was a ragged-looking street at best, for the lumber used in the houses was wide and coarse, and the work manship not neat, But here I began to notice matters which made the street look very different from a Vankee town. The chief of these was a number of cocoanut palm trees in the yards, a number of banana stalks beneath palms, and, more curious still, houses that had fairly good walls of wood, but were roofed over with thatches of paim leaves. The few persons seen in this street were leaves. The few nersons seen in this street were like the loungers at the landing—for the most part negroes, and apparently tired.

A little further on we came to another open source, and this the guide said was "the plaza."
There were a few shade trees in it, and most of

A little further on we came to another open acquare, and this the guide said was "the plaza." There were a few shade trees in it, and most of the buildings facing the green were twe-story structures and not quite so decrepit as those already passed. A few were untenanted, but those that were occupied seemed to be doing a little business. Two of them were hotels. The San Jush, at which a grand banquet was given to President Warner Milier of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company at the time of his visit three or four years ago, was closed. The Hotel Victoria, managed by an English woman with the aid of her daughter and niece, two years women who seemed much out of place in such a town, was open for guests. This hotel would seem odd to any traveller, because one large, airy room served at once as a parior, a dining room, and a barroom, while the stairway to the bedrooms shove was under a shed roof in the garden behind the house. However, everything was so mat and confortable there were huge rooking chairs a plenty, for instance, histead of the stiff-backed bench-like chairs one usually finds in central America that any oddity of structure quickly passed out of mind.

As for the rest of the town, there were three or four streets running cast and west, and these were crossed at right angles by others at intervals of perhaps 100 yards. The houses were generally one story high. Shutters took the place of window glass in the better houses, and in the worse three was nothing to close the openings. The good ones had wooden floors; the poor mes none. Very few tiles could be seen in that Central American town. There were few front yards, and the feures were of a tomble-down appearance. There was no pavement in the streets.

A BOOM THAT PAILED. San Juan, as I saw it, was in the dumps, and all because of the doings of the canal making company. Having obtained its concession the company seeks gang of engineers to San Juan to survey the route. Following the engineers came other men who task charge of the line of stammers running on the river up to and across take Nearague. Then came dredges, bought from the Panaria Canal Company, and gangs of men to work them. Son Juan had a boom. It was then that the street our railroad was laid was then that the street our rational was laid at a c of \$11,000 in silver, its line extending from the sast side of town to the very line where the canal was to be dug. Merchants as well as workmen came. A bank was opened then's rise and the prices of real estate went up. With a population of perhaps 4,000, land between the village and the canal mruth was at last bell at \$20,000 an aers. When the rational was finished bobtal caradrawn by freezewards was finished bobtal caradrawn.

that the land had grown out alongside it as fast as 250 feet in one storm season would have looked ominous for the future of the chainel but for the fact, as alleged, that when the land has crept out as far as a point of land some distance to the east the growth seaward will stop.

The condition of the buildings and machinery was apparently satisfactory. I tested wood work in places where it was likely to rot-piles used to support buildings, for instance—and found it sound. The idle from work was kept covered with paint and there was nowhere any sign of neglect, although more than two years had passed since the suspension of work. Hesides that, the English of the town, who continuously predicted the failure of the Yankee enterprise, admitted that everything was in good order so far.

AN ODD RACE.

The traveller who wanders about San Juan looking for race characteristics will find more of the West India negro peculiarities than of Spanish-American, but not all negroes seen there are from the West Indies. There is a race of negro natives to be found along the coast, and to the interest one must find in their natural peculiarities is to be added what may be called their interest as a factor in international polities. This race is known to the world as the tribe of Mosquito Indians, and it is through them that Great Britain hoped and still hopes to control the Nicaragua Canal. As those who have read the history of the coast know, these natives are not Indians, properly speaking. They originated when a lot of African slaves were wrecked on the coast and mannatives are not indians, properly speaking. They originated when a lot of African slaves were wrecked on the coast and managed to escape ashore unburt. There were real aborigines living along the lagoons there at the time, red Americans who were not of a warlike disposition, and the black slaves were welcomed by them. It is said that the number of adult natives, so a radical change was wrought at once in the character of the population. This change was the greater because the Africans were of a more sturdy character than the aborigines. At any rate, the African characteristics predominated in the mongrel race that grew up. Still further additions were made to this curious race by the runaway slaves, both black and red, that fled from the Spanish settlements in the interior. To these changes must be added those wrought by the pirates and piratical traders that frequented the coast from the earliest days. The coast was a pirate's paradise. The network of lagoons, with sufficient depth of water to float the "long, low, rakish craft," afforced perfect hiding places. The fruits and beasts of the forest, with the fish and cysters of the sea, gave ample food supplies. Clothing was not needed, and no sort of morality was known to the region. No become under the sun originated under more infamous circumstances than the so-called Indians of the Mosquito Coast. That they have not long since rotted off the face of the earth is proof conclusive that the climate, in solice of its ague, has some iffe-giving virtues. If this were not so the work of aicohol and introduced diseases would depopulate the region in a generation.

MYSTERIOUS MEDICINE WOMEN.

depopulate the region in a generation.

Mystrentous medicine women.

Degraded though they be, they are still well worth the attention of people interested in investigating occuli matters, for there are well-authenticated stories of the doings of these such as or astrologers that cannot be explained on natural or ordinary lines. For instance, when ex-Senator Warner Miller and his party that went to Nicaragua to explore the canal rotte were wreeked on Roncador Reed an unknown man went to the home of Mr. Walter logalls in San Juan and told him about the wreeked on thousador Reed an unknown man went to the home of Mr. Walter logalls in San Juan and told him about the wreek twenty-four hours before the arrival of the news by known means of transfertation and much sosner than the news could passibly have come by cannot or saling vessel. Mr. Ingalls, who was as free from superstition as any hard-headed business man ever was, told me that many such unexplained doings had come under his observation since he had gone to San Juan.

The Mosquitos have medicine women instead of medicine men. These women, it is said, prepare toemselves for their work by going alone into the forests and living there for months, depending whelly on the spontaneous productions of nature for food, and on their own cunning, without the help of arms or tools, in escaping the dangers found there. When the probatin period has been passed they return and prove their newly acquired powers by standing, barefooted, in the midst of heaps of burning fuel, by permitting the most deadly serpents to bite them, and by many other "hoodoo" deeds not describable, it is further asserted that they become mind readers, and are able to tell a man's history as he runs it over in his thoughts. In short, they are described as a combination mentally and physically that is as remarkade as anything on the continent. I did not get personal knowledge of any of these things. There was no secress of the kind at San Juan to connect with the steamer on the log river was a Mosqu

the old African and aboriginal indian mixed in, and all pronounced as only such an indolent, thick-inpud people could do it. Of course, they have some good qualities. They will sharacter food with any one in need. They are excellent cance men, and can fashion a log into a loat that will ride a sea fit to swamp a ship's lifeboat. They are fishermed and turtle hunters of unsurpassed desterity. Jist, so far as I could learn, this is the best that can be said of them.

BAN JUAN WORKMEN. While walking about San Juan, Hooked every-where to see what the native citizens did to get a living. The result was the conclusion that very little work is necessary to that end in San

Juan. I saw a few who had little stores of various kinds, and two were making sales as I passed their doors. I saw one man driving a horse cart, and followed him to the lascon back of the town. There he came to some logs scattered about the bank and some piles of sticks, say three feet long and two inches thick, that had been cut from the logs. He bought 100 of these sticks from two men who told me they had brought the logs from the far side of the laguen. The price was one silver dollar. The cartman drove away to peddle the sticks for fuel at the rate of three sticks for five cents. He said he sold a hundred sticks every day, and he thought that a very good business. When he had gone the proprietors of the wood yard solit another hundred sticks ready for the next customer. That was the only labor I saw any men perform in the suburbs of the village. At the pier there was some longshore work, of course, and then the street car had to make an occasional trip over the line to hold the charter.



WASH DAY AT SAN JUAN.

Aside from these matters I did not see any native man do a stroke of work.

At the edge of the lagoon behind the town a few women were washing clothes. They had tubs, but no washboards. One used a beuch in lieu of a washboard. She dipped the garments into the lagoon, soaped them, and then beat them on the bench. The things that had beat them on the bench. The things that had beat washed were spread on the sand to dry. The hens ran over them, leaving middy tracks, but the women said that the mud would rub off when it got dry, and that was very likely.

HEALTHY IN SPITE OF WAMPS.

the women said that the mud would rub off when it got dry, and that was very likely.

Everybody said that San Juan was a very healthy town in ordinary times. The canai making people said that San Juan was a very healthy town in ordinary times. The canai making people said that this was due to the prevailing wind that came from the sea and swept the awamp vapors inland. The rains came with the winds. They were the condensed vapors of the sea and so were healthy. It is certain that among the hundreds of workmen at one time employed on the canal the sickness was really of small moment, while Europeans and natives were all in good health in the town when I was there. However, the natives told of one mysterious epidemic that prevailed in the town some years ago. A Protestant Bible distributer had come to town and had soli and given away 700 Bibles and Testaments. Then the priest went around, gathered in a lot of the books and burned them. Within a week after this fire came "a horrible sickness," that raged worse among those who had given up their Bibles to the fire than among the others. So the superstitious natives concluded that the disease was due to the wrath of God and cherished their Bibles to the fire than among the others. So the superstitious natives concluded that the disease was due to the wrath of God and cherished their Bibles to the fire than among the others. The head their Bibles to the fire than among the others, and many persons will probably synpathize with the inference the natives drew from them. That 700 Bibles could be sold there is at least an interesting fact. The people read the book and found its stories at once new and entertaining. Perhaps some who read this would be in the same fashion entertained were they to make the experiment.

Although San Juan is one of the queer towns of the world, a tourist sees all he wants to in these days within forty-eight hours. When work is resumed on the caval and the hosts of Central America and the Caribbean Sea go there to dig, there will be new matter

## THE INLAYERS OF HANOL Skiiful Artists at Incrusting Ebony with

Hanol, a city of French Tonquin, says writer in the Journal des Voyages, has a flourishishing industry in the incrustation of precious woods with mother of pearl. The industry is so important that a whole street, called the street of the Inlavers, is given up to it, and constitutes the sole curiosity of the city. Strangers to the art pass hours in watching the native workmen. The latter are genuine artists, masters of a delicate handicraft demanding at once artistic perception and high manual skill. Furnished with rude tools, but with much patience and skill, these workmen produce articles of great beauty, gleaming with rainbow hues. Here is a sheaf of many-colored flowers, there are deficious arabesques, yonder is a landscape glittering in the sun.

The workmen have applied the principle of the division of labor to their art. There are the cabinetmakers, who put together the different parts of the material to be incrusted. The process of joining is done without the aid of nails, and with a system of nice dovetailing and the use of a paste of which lacquer is the base. The wood employed is of two distinct species of palisander, sometimes called violet ebony, and by the natives tiac, and a true abony from the forest of the Red River of Tonquin. This latter, which the natives call moun, is especially valued by reason of its close grain and its deep

black, which brings out the shifting glories of the mother of pearl. Objects of incrusted ebony are mere costly than those of videt ebony. When the cabinetmaker has prepared the wood it passes into the hands of the designer, who makes sketches of the ornamentation upon rice paper. These designs are transferred to the wood by the inlayer, whose duty it is to choose the pearl that will best serve to bring out the beauty of the design. The mother of pearl is obtained from a species of large shell fish called casque, chiefly caught upon the shores of the island of Poulot-toniar. The inlayer cuts the mother of pearl into bits four or five centimetres in diameter, and chooses the combination of colors that shall yield the contrasts necessary for the artistic success of his work. His art lies in the skill to arrange the pieces so as to obtain the best effect of iridescence. This he heightens by the use of a sort of pearl dust furnished by a kind of great mussed taken from the brooks of the region. The play of light upon these mussels gives the whole gamut of the rainbow.

The bits of pearl chosen, the inlayer strives to give them the form of the design and to dispose them as a veritable messic in the wood. The crude morsel is rendered translucent with pumice stone. It is then fixed in a vise, and the nlayer's labor of patience begins. Crouching upon his heels before the vise, he shapes the piece with a file smaller than an ordinary colored crayon. The pearl fashioned, it is necessary to trench the wood to receive it. This is ordinarily done by children 14 or 15 years oid. They follow the lines of the design with a burnin and channel thy trenches of a millimetre in diameter. The bits of pearl are then set in the grooves, and fixed with a lacquer paste. The whole is gently heated to me! the paste, and so fill all intersities. The histor bast in the grooves, and fixed with a lacquer paste.

entire success.

### UPHEAVED THE OCCAN'S BED. More Earthquake Changes off the Santa Barbara Coast.

From the San Francisco Francisco SANTA BARBARA, July 13. Antonio Caballero returning recently from an otter-hunting ex-pedition to San Miguel and Fica Island, reports the recurrence of the upheavals of the earth's surface in that vicinity. Caballero was engaged n hunting and it was the search for sent and otter that led him to Flea Island on July 7.

Flea Island, or as it is called on the map, Castle Rock, lies off the north shore of San Miguel island, about a half a mile. It is a rocky, double cone-like formation, about a quarter of a mile long and perhaps 200 yards across the widest long and perhans 200 yards across the wheet part, and divided into two parts at high tide. An isthmus of solid rock can be seen at the ebh. The isle is never visited except by seel luminers. Capalicro says he went across this isthmus on the first day of his hunt. To had frequently visited the place and at this time inspired in charge in the general addition for the island the charge in the general addition of the island two days later he again crossed to Castle flock and on reaching the island island into menses boulders, weighing from 300 to 1,300 paunds thrown the mark and into mense boulders, weighing from 300 to 1,300 paunds thrown the charge that he rocks had been torch hard flower than the fully tease to fits trunks had been torch layed and in the mass was eith massable, but intolled of walking over a povement-like neets of rest, the hinders, he sates that they are not of great size, but they are not of great wire, but they are not of great wire. They are seven allowed the salar wire to the flower of the sea was supposed to be of depth sufficient for the learnest of the sea was supposed to be of depth sufficient for the learnest size and the best of the secan was supposed to be of depth sufficient for the learnest amount the large places, averaging about a microulth-south west of the peek. They were seen only when his sea was running high. This would indicate that not only the enrince of the land but the bed of the secan is undersolved a continued with the great wire to the northern limit of the purk. The secons is undersolved wire season of which and the process were noticed in the second wire the largest of the further of the part, and divided into two parts at high tide. An

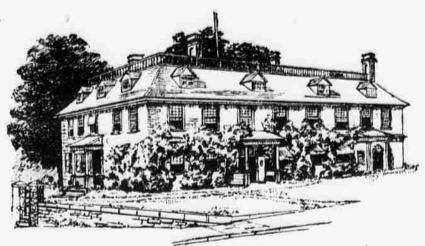
PHILIPSE MANOR HOUSE. VONKERS THREATENS TO REPLACE

Historic Memories That Cluster About It Washington's Admiration for Mary Phillune The Effect of the Revolution Old Philipse Manor House, which Yonkers threatens to overshadow with a new City Hall. is, all things considered, the most interesting and best-preserved historic structure in Westchester county, The Manor Hall, as it is often called, has been the municipal building of the village and city of Yonkers since 1868. The old house has been the pride of the region for more than 200 years, and it serves now, standing, as it does, in the heart of the business part of the little city, to give Yonkers a peculiar distinction. Few American cities have a City Hall so old and so characteristic of their beginnings. The house is built mainly in the Dutch style. It is two and a half stories high, with a long, low façade, a deeply stoping roof, small dormer windows, and broad doorways, closed with hatched doors, The

He received news not long after that be had a rival in the person of Col. Roger Morris, and that it would be well for him to come to New York and look after his interests. He did not come, however, and he never saw Miss Philipse again until she was the wife of Col. Morris. The latter was sid along with Washington to tien. Bradlock, and was womeded in the battle near Pittsburgh known as Bradlock's defeat.

When the war for independence came on, the Philipse family, Col. Morris, and leverley Robinson were Tories, Col. Frederick Philipse, third and last lord of the manor and member of Assembly, protested in 1775 against the choosing of representatives to the Continental Congress, and, though he did not act as a strong partisan, he was actized by the partiots when the British entered New York and carried prisoner to Beston. He was afterward released, and the family, leaving the macer bouse, took refuge in New York. Thence Col. Frederick Philipse fied to England and established himself at Chester, He died there in 1785 and was buried in the cathedral, where a monument even yet proclaims his virtues and lauds his devotion to the royal cause. His valet, Angevine, a colored man, accompanied him to England and was buried by his side. Angevine a family remained behind, and one of his sous was for nearly fifty years accton of St. John's Church. Yonkers.

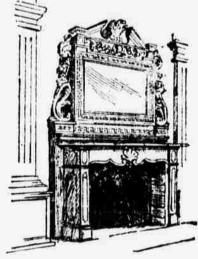
Col. Morris and his wife also went to England, where he died in 1794 at the age of 87. His widow died in 1825, being then nearly 90 years of age. Col. Morris and his wife, having been attainted of treasen by the patriots. Philipse Manor House and the land about it were con-



PHILIPSE MANOR HOUSE. fiscated. Col. Morris and his wife obtained from the British Government as a loyal subject unjustly deprived of his estate the sum of £12,-605 as the value of his life interest in the estate. The house and grounds the British appraised at £20,000. The Attorney-General of England, before the death of Col. Morris, decided that the award did not include the reversionary interest of his children, so his son, Capt. Henry Gage Morris of the royal navy, in behalf of himself and his sister sold the reversionary interest in the manor house and the lands attached to John Jacob Astor for £20,000. This was in 1809. Nearly twenty years later Mr. Astor compromised the claim with the State of New York for \$500,000. This quieted the titles of the farmers who had been holding and tilling the lands. The Morris family also received from the British Government a further sum of nearly £5,000 in consideration of their losses, and Col. Philipse received from the British Government \$300,000 in consideration of this having lost by confiscation the whole of the Manor of Philipshurg. So the families of Philipse and Morris made a pretty handsome thing out of their loyality to King George.

entrance hall is eleven feet wide and wainscoted. A simple but charming stairway leads to the next floor. The rooms are large, with low ceilings and handsome antique decorations. The upper rooms, which were the bedchambers of the manor house, have fireplaces faced with many old Dutch tiles, each ornamented with a Scriptural subject. The house is built in every part in a most substantial fashion. Its foundations are two feet thick and its walls twenty inches. Local historians disagree as to the age of

the manor house. Its front is believed to date from 1745, but the rear is at least half a cen-



tury older. Some historians fix the date of the rear of the house as 1682, which was about the time that the Philipse family obtained the manor of Philipsburg. The ground on which the manor house stands was once part of the earlier manor of Coldendonck, belonging to the Patroon Van der Donck. The house as originally built must have been a simple but substantial and roomy structure. The old cellar shows traces of having had provision for the stowing of arms, and it is supposed that a tunnel once led from the cellar to a well now hidden by one of the streets of Yonkers. The Lord of the black, which brings out the shifting glories of the mother of pearl. Objects of incrusted ebowere two rent days on the manor, one at Philipse Castle for the tenants in the upper part of the manor, the other at the manor hall for the tenants in the lower part. These days came close together in January, and on each day the tenants were entertained by their lord at dinner. In the palmy days of the manor hail there were more than a score of servants in the house.

Mary Philipse is the most interesting historic figure in the immediate history of the old house. Mary was 26 years old, and a most charming person, as her portrait shows, when in 1756 she met 6 corge Washington, two years her junior, at the house of her brother-in-law, Beverley Robinson, a wealthy friend of the young Virginian's living in this city. Washington was deeply impressed by the aristocratic young woman, and after a visit to Boston he returned to New York and saw her again. It has been asserted that he valuig asked her to be his wife, but this seems to be an invention of romantic persons. When he left at the call of duty he whispered a word in the ear of a confidential triend and asked to be informed from time to time of the young woman's movements. together in January, and on each day the ten

tained possession of the old house for public purposes in 1868, and it has served village and city ever since.

Few alterations have been made by the city in the aspect of the old house, and it must look much as it did at the time of the confiscation, though it is greatly changed from its aspect of 1730, the year in which Mary Philipse was born in the house. The feety House stands on the ground where the lords of the manor used to hold court and award upon occasion the death penaity. The grounds about the manor house have been gradually contracted, until they now constitute a small public square. They used to slope to the Hudson, and in the days of the last lords of the manor the lawns were kept in the best manner, and the place was notable for its beauty. Col. Philipse planted many lorse chestnut trees, that remained to ornament the grounds far into this century. THE MAIN STAIRWAY. ime to time of the young woman's movements. grounds far into this century.

## BRONX PARK'S TREES.

Forest Giants in the Pinest Woodlands Owned by the City, Hot July days through the week bring visitors

to Bronx Park for all-day picnics. They come not only from the city, but from points beyond the limits. They are fewer than they ought to be, for the park is unusually levely this summer, and in variety of charm exceeds any other of the city parks. The Bronx woodlands are by far the finest that the city owns, and they seem thus far to have excaped the ravages of the caterpillars. The hemlocks have attracted so much attention that the other fine trees have been neglected. The gaunt gray Lorillard house rises amid a plantation of peculiarly fine trees, evergreen and decidoous, native and exotic. The high plateau on which the house stands has a noble Norway spruce fully 25 feet in diameter, a giant catalon, baif a dozen fine pines, and many rare ornamental trees. At the foot of the slope south of the plateau is a fine magnelia, and rooted at the level of the dam, but rising high

above the plateau, is a noble American walnut.
The itnest trees in the park, and perhaps the largest in any of the parks with the possible exception of the monumental horse chestnuts bout the Van Conttlandt house, are half a dozen great American tulip trees porth of the

there is excellent walking on the turf almost there is excellent walking on the tarf almost the whole length of the park. The walk south-ward from Bronxdale to West Farms along the east bank of the stream is one of the most charming miles in any of the parks. A further walk of half a mile along the Boston road brings one to Crotona Park, and the shaded path westward to Third avenue and the Suburb-an Elevated road.

made a pretty handsome thing out of their loyalty to King George.

After the confiscation of the manor, Commissioners appointed by the State sold the property in 1785. It consisted of the manor house the mills on the Nepperhan, and 320 acres of land. Cornelius P. Low was the purchaser. He conveyed the manor house and part of the land to William Constable, a merchant of New York, in 1780, and Constable, ten years later, sold the property to Jacob Stout. Joseph Howland obtained possession of it in 1893, and the manor house was for a time occupied by a school. The property was sold under a decree of chancery, and Leniuel Wells became the purchaser. He died in 1842, and his nephew, Lemuel W. Wells, inherited the manor house and the grounds. The village of Yonkers ob-

# HALLE'S ANCIENT CAKE DANCE. A Ceremony That Has Been Performed by Salt Workers for Centuries.

Halle, the little German salt-making city whose inhabitants are supposed to be descended from an early race of different blood from the modern Germans, has a curious fête of its own which has been celebrated annually for many centuries. On that day the masters and the sait makers, clod in red manties, follow to church the cake of the feast, borne nioft by a youth accompanied by his sweethcart. After the religious rites follow a banquet and a dance to the music of instruments specially devoted to

The fite originated in an incident that took place so long ago that the very date has been lost. A mill belonging to the commune was burned and the family of the miller was saved by the salt workers. When the mill was rebuilt the commute voted to the east boilers in perhouse along the wall that skirts the eastern pointly an annual cake of 100 pounds to be

LOOK OUT FOR THESE PLANTS.

Polson Comes from the Touch and Ofter from the Air That Has Swept Them, One thing that the wise man does not do when on his summer vacation is to handle indiscriminately wild plants and flowers which he may find in his woodland wanderings. For the botanist, and to the average countryman, cerbut the average city man on his vacation doesn't recognize these signals until he has learned by bitter experience that soft and fuzzy tufts of vegetation may be as uncomfortable to handle red-hot stove lids, and that the most velvets of green things is the one which biteth like a ser, ent and stingeth like an adder. This year has been remarkably prolific of cases

of plant poisoning in this neighborhood, and every country drug store has done a big business lu'cooling lotions. Perhaps it is because wild vegelation has grown more freely this year than it most summers, fostered by the early summer warmthand sunshine, or perhaps the condition of the soil has been such as to infuse in the plants a peculiarly polsonous quality. That is ne of the things that scientific men are unable to say, just as they fall to tell why one man can handle poison ivy with impunity, while another, of his own family, brought up under similar conditions, will suffer a bitter penalty for merely passing near it. This is true of all poison plants in this region. One of these plants, which show great luxuriance this year, is the poison sumach, whose scientific name is Ithus renenata. Country boys know it as swamp dogwood, poison dog, poison elder, and swamp sumach, while in one locality in Pennsylvania it is known as "Jones's cuss," probably from some local legend, It is found in swampy resome local legend. It is found in swampy regions all over the United States, and in this State it is thick where the valley streams approach into swamps and marshes. In appearance it is much like the ordinary red sumach, the "shoemake" of the farmer, except that its tuffs are pale yellow instead of red. Its berries, too, are greenish yellow, but the tawny tuffs form the most conspicuous warning. They mean more than a simple "Hands off." "Danger: keep away." is the safest interpretation that can be given to them, for contact is not essential to being poisoned by this plant. A curious instance of the varying susceptibilities of different persons to the poison sumach was afforded last week by a party of fishermen who went after black bass in one of the strams that flow down from the Shawangunk Mountains. On the way to the stream they passed through a low cernfield fringed with thickots of small shrubs and trees. One of the party, who was versed in woodcraft, was about to caution his combanions against noxious plants when his attention was called by a young New Yorker, well ahead, who called: "Look out! Don't touch that!" crief the

his combanions against noxious plants when his attention was called by a young New Yorker, well ahead, who called:

"Look at the yellow, plumy stuff growing on this tree."

"Look out! Don't touch that!" cried the other. "It's poisonous."

But the young man had already picked a tuft and was holding it to his nose, suffing for its odor. From the broken end there "bled" a few drups of sap which fell upon his light coat. Upon the advice of the woodsman the New Yorker hurried over to the stream and washed his face and hands thoroughly. The others followed him, carefully avoiding the sumach. That night before the party got home the woodsman's face had blistered and swollen terribly, as had the faces of two others of the party, although none of the three had come in contact with the plant. The young man who had experimented so rashly had one small blister on the end of his nose, and that was all he suffered. The juice from the broken stem had burned black where it fell on his clothing, however, and all efforts to wash out the spots proved futile. The poisoned men were laid up for several days in great pain. They thought they had been poisoned because a lively breeze was blowing from the sumachs to the spots at the creek where they stood while the young New Yorker was washing his face and hands.

Bandages soaked in lead water are the regular remedy of the farmer's wife for swamp sumach, or poison ivy, poisoning. In very severe cases sait purgatives are given to clear remedy of the farmer's wife for swamp sumach, or poison ivy is by no means so virulent as the sumach, nor is it so likely to be handled, as it grows lower than the sumach, clambering along the ground or climbing on fences and walls. Some persons are so susceptible to it that waiking near a bed of it will affect them severely. Its blisters itch much as do mosquito bites, while the swamp sumach burns like fire. There are many varieties of poison ly, but in this region it is a safe rule to avoid light-green three-leaved livies, and a safer one to shun three-l

independent republic, America, as everybody knows, was only an English colony; but what a great many people do not know is the peculiar character of the people who settled in that pertion of North America which is called New England, formed by the States of Vermont, Maine, Massachuserts, Connecticut, Rhode island, and New Hampshire. According to certain historians the founders of those colonies, the Puritans, had a considerable influence agon the development not only of their own acritory, but also of the entire country. They were not, as one might imagine, worthless adventurers who went to seek a fortime on a virgin soil men without standing in society, without noney and without stranges, people of bad reputation, obliged to quit their country, and greedy speculators. They were not win had in their own country what the ordinary colonist hops to accountry, and greedy speculators. They were not win had in their own country which they could not intensive the pligrims of thought. They belonged to that it is a stantian sect so mach persecuted at that time in finglated, that came to seek beyond the seas the interior which they could no longer find in their mative land. They expatriated themselves not merely to gain material advantages. Their sum was still higher. They dreamed of the triumph of their own dorrors and of their own does. They were as has been apply said. The send of a great require that food had eliced with fits own footrees and of their own does. They were as has been apply said. At seven part of a great in the fit of a great to be a fit of a great to a serior of a consequency of a first and a presency of the country and of their ore

ODD BLOCK ISLAND CRAFT.

THE QUEER, SAFE, AND CAPRISCHOUS DOUBLE-ENDERS.

Nothing Like Them in Fair Weather or Foul if Handled by Natives Are They Descendants of the Ships of the Vikings! BLOCK ISLAND, July 27. Down at the Basin here, the other night the Basin, a curious rectangular marine paddock of wooden wharves and granite riprays, right inside the huge jagged stone Government breakwater, which walls out the thundering ocean a knot of grizzled mariners were lounging on the stringpieces in the murky light of cabin lamps, chatting about Block Island double-enders. The Block Island double-ender is a seaboat unique among the sailing vessels of the world, and is so called because it terminates in a prowabrupt, sharp, and tall, both fore and aft. Whence the islanders derived the model of is in the first place, unless, indeed, they invented it, has been for a long time a matter of speculasailing them for a century and a half, in transauil weather and in the teeth of whistling gales. all about the stormy Atlantic coast.

never forget the novel, somewhat fantastic, appearance of the craft. In the first place, they are just about as large as a medium-sized New York pilot boat. Some have one mast, the more ambitious ones two, and they are altegether open, undecked, from stem to stern, They have a sort of crazy look, too. There is a keel, of course, to begin with; from that piece of timber their sides are built up of thin, narrow oak scantling, exactly as a carpenter puts clapboards on a house, one piece overlapping another. The pieces are curved fore and aft in a clean-cut, sharp, and shapely prow.

If the craft is a single-sticker, the most, stout, thick, homely, and tall, is crudely stuck, like a bean pole, into the keel, right in the middle of the boat. The rudder, huge and ungainly, with a great, clumsy tiller, to hung, like a Yankee cowyard gate, on rusty hinges at the particular end of the craft the skipper elected to be the stern of it. Unlikes ferryboat, the double-ender is designed to go ahead exclusively. Her skipper never means

Once having seen one, a landlubber even will

and the cash be given to them, for going at the company to be great to the poisson small of the control of the poisson small of the poisson small control of the poisson poisson to the poisson small control the calls of a young verification. Amendment of the poisson poisson the calls of the poisson poisson to the poisson poisson to the poisson poisson to the poisson poisson to the poisson with incidence of the poisson poisson to the poisson with incidence of the poisson poisson the call control that the poisson poisson to the poisson poisson the call control that the poisson poisson the poisson poisson that the poisson poisson the poisson poisson that the poisson poiss

ow. We aim't dest not be absolutely true; is The statement is said to be absolutely true; is the true that moreover, by that on the is a record unequalled, moreover, by that on the part of any other mariners along the Atlantic

## TRINITY'S DOORS IMPRESSED HER. Broadway Moved to Wonder by the Prayer of an Italian Immigrant Girl.

The girl looked to be about 16 years old. She and the elderly man, evidently her father, who walked beside her, were two typical immi-grants from Italy. They had apparently just landed at the Battery, and were walking up Broadway. The man carried a big plaid carpet bug under each arm, while the girl had an old-fashioned cloth satchel. She wore no hat, and her coal block hair hung in braids down her back. She was prettier than the average of her race in this city. She and her father, though finding their laggage very heavy, kept looking at the tall buildings on call side of the way to of enceyed wenderment. Every once in a while the girl would utter an exchanation to her father, who would shake his head approvingly. They were walking on the west side of Broadway and had got as for as Trinity place. The girl looked at the temberones in Trinity place. The girl looked at the temberones in Trinity place. The girl looked at the sharted on again. She looked at the church assise married on again. She looked at the church assise married on again. She looked at the church assise married in. When she got in front of the offine, she saw the magnificent brais class. Then it was that she seemed to think it was that she seemed to think it was the above and a restaint as the class of the shelp plant, who immediately permoved his inst. The girl drouped upon her knees and crossed hereaff. She began to pray so carnestly that she did not notice the shewd that was rapidly forming around her.

A big rediction and did hough, and he oblowed his way through, lie looked at the girl and heatined. Then he braned up and placed his hand on her shoulder. The girl looked up in a surprised, frightened way, first at the big uniformed policeidan and then at the crowd. Her has because a very deep red. She hurriedly ross to her feel, grasped the chordy man's hand, and waisen quitely avery through the opening which the crowd uncome our termed. of en eyed wenderment. Every once in a white

and waken quitally away through the opening which the crowd unconstourity made.

"I had to do it." said the policeman apologetically to the crowd. "If I doin't there would be a complaint against me about letting a crowd collect. I feit serry to the not of course, but it's a very common thing for itsilian immigrants to mistake those doors on Trinuty for the shrine of some great saint. I guess they must all be Catholice."